

ST. JOHNS HERALD

L. P. Fisher, Newspaper Advertising Agent, 21 Merchant Exchange Building, San Francisco, is our authorized agent. See this paper at his office.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO TAKE "THE HERALD."

If you don't take the HERALD, you won't owe us for it. If you take the HERALD and pay for it, you won't owe us.

THE DREAMER AND THE DREAM.

A dreamer, spurred by thought, yet not asleep,
Scanned unspanned future space with eagle sweep,
Pierced mists and mist with vision clear and keen,
Saw what the uninspired eye hath not seen,
And concentrating millions of sunbeams
Into a white light rich with glory-gleams
Saw visions wove of Heaven-flamed dreams.

He saw the day when needless strife shall cease
And man love man to realize of perfect peace,
When none hurt hate nor hurt a fellow-man,
But all on earth live on the joyful plan
Of doing all a kindly word with good—
To curb all evil and promote all good—
Avoiding shame and shame as all men should.

All castles and class distinctions dead and gone,
The millionaire and mendicant as one,
Employer and employed a kindly whole
Swayed not by selfishness, but heart and soul
No churl to covet what might poor ones feed,
But swift to minister and serve at need,
And crush to earth false pride or groveling greed.

Then far from warm hearth of a happy home
No anxious toiler seeking work shall roam,
But honest toil shall there find honest pay
Nor longer needlessly its idle nor day;
No millionaire will flaunt his unearned wealth—
By devious ways acquired or stony stealth—
By coining human blood, least hopes or health.

No more shall base assassins haunt the dark,
No more incendiaries speed their spark,
Nor men curse a hundred thousandfold
For human sorrow that for a word is sold;
But all men hopeful, honest, truly wise,
Shall read of present life with patient eyes,
As equals worshipping "Heaven's happy skies."

L. EDGAR JONES.

THE BOOKKEEPER'S MISTAKE

THE Bookkeeper sat behind his little sliding window covertly watching Miss Dolly over the top of his ledger. She was leaning rather dejectedly over her typewriter, with her head on her hand and her eyes gazing wistfully through the window.

The regular scratch, scratch of the shipping clerk's pen was the only sound in the office, and presently Miss Dolly's eyes wandered in that direction and lingered on the curly head bending over the desk in the corner. They lingered there a long while, then she roused herself with a little sigh and began to fold her letters.

The bookkeeper nodded to himself. "There is something wrong with Miss Dolly. She hasn't been like herself for a long time. She used to sing and rattle away so cheerily, and now she sighs and looks wistful and is so quiet. I have watched her. And I know what it is. She is in love with the shipping clerk. I was a young fellow myself once."

The bookkeeper was not yet 40, but care and hard work had brought a little gray into his hair, and his youth seemed very far away.

Presently he opened the door of his cage.

"Miss Dolly, you may as well go now. You don't look well, and Mr. Sperry will not be back this evening."

"Oh, thank you," she said, and closed up her typewriter and put on her hat.

When she had gone the bookkeeper sat for a long time thinking hard. He was meditating a plan of attack, for Miss Dolly was too nice a girl to waste her affections on the shipping clerk. The bookkeeper had fallen into the habit of walking home with her in the evening, their roads lying together, and he knew what a sweet, lovable, womanly nature she had. The shipping clerk must be made to realize this. He must have his eyes opened.

In his corner that young gentleman scratched away, blissfully unconscious of the schemes darkening over his blonde head. He looked up when the bookkeeper came over and sat down by his desk.

"I think Miss Dolly is a very sweet girl, don't you, Wells?" said the bookkeeper.

"Yes, she is rather a nice little girl," answered the shipping clerk, a little surprised. The bookkeeper seldom had anything to say. But he went on.

"She is more than 'rather nice.' She has a lovely disposition and is very pretty, too. I have been walking home with her at night and have had a good opportunity to judge. I think she is a girl in a thousand."

"Falling in love with her?" asked the shipping clerk.

"Oh, no, no. Nothing like that for me. She didn't look well this afternoon, and I was thinking of her, that's all."

The shipping clerk had his suspicions, however, and Miss Dolly acquired a new interest for him. He talked to her whenever he could get a chance and found her rather dignified and reserved, which only made him more eager to draw her out. The bookkeeper helped matters along all he could. He left them alone together whenever an opportunity afforded, he dropped little judicious words and gave up his evening walks with Miss Dolly, being always too busy to leave when she did, so that it soon happened that she and the shipping clerk began to walk home together. That young man had come to the conclusion that he was mistaken in supposing the bookkeeper to be in love with Miss Dolly. The bookkeeper came in suddenly one day and found Miss Dolly crying, with her pretty head dropped on her arms outstretched on the typewriter table.

He was much distressed and laid his hand gently on her shoulder, but she only shivered under his touch and could not look up, so he went away and communicated with the shipping clerk. That gentleman evidently knew what to do, for after waiting a suitable length of time the bookkeeper fol-

RESULTS OF CROSSING.

The Use of Scrubs as a Foundation Has Retarded Progress Wherever It Has Been Tried.

Any farmer who will use scrub hens and begin with them as a foundation for improvement will lose a year or two by so doing, as he can get fowls or eggs of pure breeds at such small cost that it will be really extravagant to retain the scrubs. More effort has been made in improving scrub fowls than with large stock, but nothing of importance has been gained thereby. On the contrary, the use of scrubs as a foundation has retarded progress. The farmer must first get rid of the supposition that crossing breeds is an advantage. If they should judiciously cross, knowing what they are doing, they might probably accomplish something, but as it is they do more harm by crossing than is expected. For instance, let the farmer have two breeds—Plymouth Rocks and Hamburgs. The first he finds an excellent market fowl, well up to the average as layers, hardy and adapted to nearly all climates. The Hamburgs will lay more eggs than the Plymouth Rocks (mostly in summer), but are small and not hardy in winter. Now, if we can combine the productive capacity of the Hamburgs with the hardiness of the Plymouth Rocks, the farmer considers that he will have a superb cross. He does not stop to consider that the breeders have crossed in every possible manner to get the same results, and that the pure breeds are themselves crosses that have been fixed in characteristics; nor does the farmer consider that 50 farmers in every 100 have done just what he is about to do. So he makes his cross, and gets birds that do not lay as well as the Hamburgs, are not equal to the Plymouth Rocks in any respect, will not endure severe winters, and which are of all colors and sizes. Then he crosses, as he makes no careful note of the cross, neglects the birds because they have become scrubs, his interest in pure breeds has passed, and he is on the down grade to ruin, so far as keeping poultry for the best results is concerned.—Farm and Fireside.

There was a curious ache at his heart, and he began to feel a most unreasonable dislike toward the shipping clerk. What an impudent young fellow he was! He positively forced his attentions upon Miss Dolly! Was he the man for her? The bookkeeper had meant it for her good, but he had done the wisest thing? He never could manage to walk home with her at all now and he missed the little confidences she had been wont to give him. She hardly ever spoke to him nowadays, she even appeared to avoid him and he turned to his work with a sigh.

One evening he watched them going away together and he noticed what a handsome, clean-limbed young fellow the shipping clerk was and how daintily Miss Dolly lifted her skirts, and what a handsome couple they made, and he turned away to the little mirror and scrutinized with earnest eyes the face that greeted him there. He noted bitterly the gray sprinkled in the dark hair and the wrinkles about the eyes and the grave mouth.

"What a fool I have been!" he cried, passionately. Ah, poor, clumsy, great-hearted spider, caught in the web he had so carefully woven for the unsuspecting fly.

But now that he had begun this work he would not go back, no, not if it brought the keenest torture into his life. He had deliberately brought it upon himself and must bear the consequences. And if Miss Dolly loved the shipping clerk, why, she must have him—her happiness came first of all. So he crushed his heart sternly and bore the anguish as silently as he could.

But it was hard, hard work, as the days went by. Miss Dolly had grown gray again, sometimes it seemed almost a feverish gray, she was so bright and restless. The bookkeeper caught himself watching her and was astonished to remember how long he had unconsciously been doing so.

Once he came upon them standing close together and the shipping clerk was bending over her arm, gloved hand fastening a most refractory button and looking up at her with ardent eyes. Miss Dolly started, and then dropped her eyes, flushing rosy. And the bookkeeper clenched his hand, a mighty impulse came over him to fling the shipping clerk through the open door, and he took one quick step. Then he controlled himself by an effort and went on to his desk.

After that he hardly dared look at Miss Dolly and seldom trusted himself to speak. His only safety lay in work, so he toiled away from morning till evening with the tireless energy of a machine.

Then one day came the news of the shipping clerk's promotion, a good position, a snug salary. The bookkeeper knew what that meant. He wondered dully how long it would be before the shipping clerk took her away. Oh, what would the office be like without her! However, she would be happy; he was so glad she would be happy.

He stood beside her at the window as she was getting ready to leave, and thought what a lucky fellow the shipping clerk was. All things had come to him.

"That promotion is a fine thing for Wells," he said. "I am so glad it came."

"Yes, I am, too," Miss Dolly answered, pausing to watch the sunset. She looked subdued and thoughtful in its red glow.

"He deserves it," the bookkeeper said, gently. "And I am so glad for your sake."

Miss Dolly turned on him.

"And why are you glad for my sake?"

"Well, because, of course, it must mean so much to you."

Miss Dolly flung out her hand impatiently.

"And why should it mean so much for me?" she demanded.

The bookkeeper floundered stupidly. He did not understand these bewildering woman's moods.

"I thought, you know, you acted as if it seemed like you cared. I—I thought you were in love with him."

"You seemed determined that I should be!" flashed Miss Dolly. Then she said, softly: "I was in love—but not with him."

Her eyes were fixed dreamily on the purple clouds in the west, but there was something in her face that made the bookkeeper take a sudden stride toward her and cry out, fervently: "Dolly! have a right to know! Who is it that you were in love with?"

Then Dolly dropped her coquettish and lifted her clear eyes to his face and held out her hands.

"It was you," she said, simply.

And the bookkeeper—well, no matter what he did.—N. Y. News.

Catching Salmon in Scotland.
To form an approximate estimate of the sums disbursed by the renters of salmon fishings is a difficult matter, but, leaving out the money paid for salmon fishing included in a shooting rent, the money paid for salmon fishing, together with the incidental expenses incurred, may be put down at £50,000, not one penny of which would Scotland see if there were no salmon fishing. I have arrived at this sum in a roundabout sort of way, but believe it is under the mark. Thus, when I first began to fish on my own account in the early '60's, I could rent a month on a fairly good stretch of water for from £40 to £60. The services of a gillie being usually included in the rent. For that outlay I used to average as nearly as possible a fish for every sovereign; my worst month, which cost £45, was 16 fish; my best £8 for £45, and both of them were to rise and fish were costing me quite five shillings each, which precisely went to five pounds a head, until, from 1875 up to the present, angling rents have increased by leaps and bounds, forcing me to retire—for as anglers became more plentiful good angling became scarcer, and nowadays it may be reckoned that fish catch the catcher quite £10 each.—Chambers's Journal.

BULLS FIGHT JAGUAR

Stirring Encounter on a Texas Cattle Ranch.

The Jaguar Whips Two Bulls, But Is Put to Rout by a Third and Finally Lassoed by Five Cowboys.

"I was riding over the plain west of San Bautista in the Pecos country a few days ago trying to look up a stray horse," writes A. G. Gillespie, a Texas ranchman, to his brother in this city. "There are always plenty of cattle on the plain, especially in the winter when the stock drifts south before the northerners. They were all there to-day, but instead of being scattered over the prairie as usual most of them were bunched together near the middle of the plain and all the others in sight were running to join them. The herd was a good two miles away, but I had the curiosity to ride over to see what was happening. I expected to see a fight between two bulls, but when I got to where I could look over the heads of the cattle I saw that a jaguar had come out on the plain and knocked over a yearling heifer. The cows and steers had gathered and formed a half circle about him, and they were bellowing and pawing the ground at a great rate, but they stayed at a safe distance from the jaguar, who was tearing the heifer's throat, now and then lifting his head to snarl at the cattle.

"So far it was a game of bluff on both sides. The arrival of a two-year-old half-grade Texas bull changed the situation. He passed to the front of the herd and advanced alone toward the jaguar. At this the jaguar let out a tearing at the heifer and leaping over her body faced the bull. He was a handsome, fierce looking fellow, with his clock skin of black and yellow, as he crouched to the ground with his white teeth showing and the tip of his tail curving in and out like a snake. The bull came on, roaring, stopped to paw the ground and shake his head at four or five yards away, then lowered his head as he charged upon the jaguar. Just as the horns seemed about to touch him the jaguar rose, curving, from the ground, overleaped head and horns and landed square upon the bull's shoulders. In an instant he had shifted position and, clinging to the bull's side and shoulders with his claws, was biting savagely into the back of his neck. The bull bellowed and shook himself, but could not shake the jaguar off, and at last ran, circling back to the herd. Just before he got among the other cattle the jaguar leaped to the ground and crept back to the heifer where he stopped again, facing the herd.

"The young bull had got more than enough of fighting, and he took up his position among the non-combatants in the rear of the herd, but a new champion appeared in the form of a polled Angus bull, a big one, as black as midnight. He ran straight for the jaguar, with perfect confidence; then, as he lowered his head to butt, the jaguar following the same tactics as before, rose above it with an easy leap, landed at the bull's shoulder, and in a second move was biting at his neck. The polled Angus thrashed around and made a longer struggle than the two-year-old had, but the jaguar hung on and the big bull at last ran back to the herd while the jaguar dropped off and went back to the heifer as before.

"He scarcely had taken his position behind the carcass when he was called once more to defend it and this time I saw that it meant serious business for him. The newcomer was an old Texas bull of the wild cattle variety, with long horns pointing forward; he had arrived late, but was full of fight. As he came on the jaguar, who perhaps was tired of fighting, did not attempt to spring upon him, but at the last moment jumped away. The bull followed him up, darting at him with his horns and showing an agility astonishing in so heavy an animal. For a minute or so the jaguar dodged his rushes, then turned and broke on the jump for the wooden bank of Alamosa creek, a mile away. The bull chased him a short distance, stopped to bellow and gaze after him, then turned back to the herd and promptly tried to start a fight with the polled Angus and with the young bull, but neither wanted anything to do with him.

"Once a few yards from the bull the jaguar slowed his pace and trotted along toward the timber, making good time with his long, smooth, cat-footed stride. He had got half way there when out from the creek bottom directly in front of him five cowboys rode up over the bank upon the plain. At once they spread out and rode to head him off from the timber. The jaguar made a few bounds in the effort to get past them, then as they surrounded him stopped on his defense. There was not a firearm in the party and it was not easy for him to force their horses near him, but the jaguar used the lasso. At last one of them, a Mexican named Juan Ribera, letting the loop of his lasso lie on the ground, caught the jaguar's nose and setting spurs to his horse rolled the beast upon his back and dragged him. Other lassos quickly caught the jaguar's neck and one hind leg, and then with the three ropes pulled taut the animal lay helpless. The question was debated of trying to preserve him alive, but was settled by one of the cowboys killing him with a knife. I measured the jaguar and he was just eight feet long. When I rode away the cowboys were skinning him."

—N. Y. Sun.

Split Ears for Cattle.
Cattle of any age will eat split ears of corn without soreness of the mouth, which frequently results when fed on whole ears, or on parts of ears which have been broken crosswise of the cob. Even calves of nine months will grow fat upon them. This is a specially desirable way to prepare it to feed to calves. A steer of three years is not fully provided with grinders, and even at that age it is hard for him to masticate whole ears.

—Never Easy.

Mrs. Stockand—What do the papers mean when they say "money is easy?" Mr. Stockand—That, my dear, is the innate love in the American heart for a joke.—Town Topics.

—I Drove Well.

Husband—I was driven to drink.

Wife—Well, you didn't balk any, John.—Town Topics.

Never Satisfied.

Puddy—Jogjags has moved out to the suburbs. He says he does it for the exercise that working about the place will give him. He bought Shandy's place. Shandy has moved into town.

Duddy—What induced him to sell?

"To get rid of the work about the place."—Boston Transcript.

Beauties of the Wheel.

"When I get utterly low-spirited," said the nervous man, "I find a spin on my wheel does me a world of good."

"It is the exercise," said his friend.

"I think not. I am so glad to get home alive that I feel good all the rest of the day."—Indianapolis Journal.

BOERS' FOOD SUPPLY.

Official Export Figures of 1898 and What They Show.

Many Shipments to Other Points Thought to Have Been Surraptitiously Taken to the Transvaal and Stored.

Intimations and statements have not been wanting to show how thoroughly the Boers in South Africa went to work to prepare for the war with Great Britain. Most of these accounts, however, have had reference to the obtaining of munitions of war. There is no doubt that the burghers of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State were just as thorough in providing supplies of food. Some data on the subject are contained in a pamphlet just issued from the United States department of agriculture. This publication only brings the matter down to June 30, 1898, but the figures contained in it show that the Boers began their preparations as far back as 1896.

In the figures given showing the distribution of agricultural exports from this country, nothing is reported relating directly to the Transvaal. The exports are credited to British Africa and Portuguese Africa, these containing the exports through which the stuff for the Transvaal and the Orange Free State passes.

Canned beef is a representative article. These figures, in pounds, shipped to British Africa, for five years, are as follows: 1894, 867,193; 1895, 1,371,761; 1896, 3,019,493; 1897, 5,319,302; and 1898, 4,122,457.

The shipments of the same staple to Portuguese Africa show even greater disparity between the earlier and the later shipments, thus: 1894, 90; 1895, none; 1896, 457,570; 1897, 791,230; and 1898, 838,797.

Ten salted, or pickled, beef may be considered. To Portuguese Africa the shipments were small, but from nothing in 1894 they increased to 26,200 pounds in 1897, and over 20,000 in 1898. British Africa, however, took from us the following quantities, in pounds, during the five years inclusive of 1894-98, respectively: 202,226, 178,195, 143,600, 371,800, and 570,800.

Bacon to British Africa jumped from nothing in 1894 to 35,477 pounds in 1897, and hams from 11,816 in 1894 to 135,169 pounds in 1898. Shipments to Portuguese Africa of hams jumped from nothing during the first four years to 53,666 pounds in 1898.

Salted or pickled pork sent to British Africa ranged from as low as 48-565 in 1895 up to 113,300 pounds in 1897. Little of the article went to, or by way of, Portuguese Africa.

The figures for lard are much larger, thus: British Africa, for five years, respectively: 289,024, 291,200, 446,663, 1,192,206, and 1,700,293. Portuguese Africa: 1,600, —, 64,917, 116,750, and 169,012.

Lard oil is another large item for British Africa. It increased from 163-143 gallons in 1894, to 300,744 gallons in 1897.

These are the significant figures for corn in bushels: British Africa (for five years respectively)—1,000, 570, 2,331,069, 1,485,597, 233,574. Portuguese Africa—62, 3, 154,052, 307,595, 90,982.

Cornmeal sent to British Africa jumped from 25 barrels in 1895 to 77-941 in 1898.

No oatmeal was sent to British Africa in 1894 and 1895. The following years, 1896, 1897 and 1898, show the following figures in pounds respectively: 29,850, 403,952, and 667,798.

Rye sent to the ports of British Africa amounted to only 9,329 bushels in 1896. The next year the figures were 95,264.

Then follow amazing figures for wheat. British Africa took only 47-794 bushels in 1895, but the following year she took 2,363,374, and the two succeeding years, respectively, 2,364,094 and 2,823,863. For Portuguese Africa there were no shipments in 1894-5, and only 1,971 in 1896. But in 1897 they amounted to 837,665, and in 1898 to 2,355,515 bushels.

Wheat flour to British Africa jumped from 9,674 barrels in 1895 to 105,163 barrels in 1896 and 259,305 barrels in 1898.

British Africa took 220 bushels of beans and peas in 1895. The next year 19,426 bushels were shipped, and in 1897 36,173, the quantity the following year being 24,631.

Portuguese Africa, which had taken none the previous years, took 1,696 bushels in 1897.

There was an increase also in dried apples. To British Africa ports there were sent in 1894 479 pounds. In 1897 the quantity was 30,800, and in 1898 27,177.

Other items show minor increases, and many kinds of exports remain about stationary, the large increases in every case being of nonperishable foods.—N. Y. Times.

CASTELLANE'S PLAY REFUSED

Father of Count Rost Blames Government for His Work's Rejection.

Some time ago Marquis de Castellane, father of Anna Gould's husband, wrote a play which he submitted to the manager of the Odeon theater. The play, not being produced, the marquis declared the play's refusal by the manager was due to the intervention of the government, and referred to the ministers in most abusive terms.

When interviewed, the manager of the Odeon declared categorically that there was not the slightest truth in Castellane's statement, and that he never had any idea of producing the play.

Not a Moment Wasted.

Husband—Please to hurry, or we shall be late again! I wonder how many years of your life you have wasted in asking whether your hat was on straight?

Wife—Hush! I have never wasted a moment. Is my hat on straight now?

—Town Topics.

WINCHESTER

Repeating Rifles

For All Kinds of Shooting. All Desirable Calibers and Weights. A FEW FAVORITES FOR HUNTING.

Model 1895. 30 Army caliber, weight 8-14 pounds. Model 1894. 30 W. C. F. caliber, "Extra Light," weight 6-12 pounds. Model 1894. 30 W. C. F. caliber, "Take Down," weight 7-14 pounds. Model 1892. 44 and 33 caliber, "Take Down," weight 7 pounds. Model 1886. 45-70 caliber, "Extra Light," weight 7 pounds.

Shoot Winchester Ammunition. Made for all Kinds of Guns.

FREE.—Send Name and Address on Postal for 150-page Illustrated Catalogue.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.



SHE WAS BLIND.

A blindness comes to me now and then. I have it now. It is queer—I can see your eyes but not your nose. I can't read because some of the letters are blurred; dark spots cover them; it is very uncomfortable.

I know all about it; it's DYSPEPSIA. Take one of these; it will cure you in ten minutes.

What is it? A Ribans Tablet.

WANTED.—A copy of each of the Ribans Tablets, with full directions for use, may be had at any drug store. 7¢ per box and one box sent free to any address for 5 cents, forwarded to the Ribans Chemical Co., 241 Broadway, New York.

WINCHESTER
Repeating Rifles
For All Kinds of Shooting.
All Desirable Calibers and Weights.
A FEW FAVORITES FOR HUNTING.
Model 1895. 30 Army caliber, weight 8-14 pounds.
Model 1894. 30 W. C. F. caliber, "Extra Light," weight 6-12 pounds.
Model 1894. 30 W. C. F. caliber, "Take Down," weight 7-14 pounds.
Model 1892. 44 and 33 caliber, "Take Down," weight 7 pounds.
Model 1886. 45-70 caliber, "Extra Light," weight 7 pounds.
Shoot Winchester Ammunition. Made for all Kinds of Guns.
FREE.—Send Name and Address on Postal for 150-page Illustrated Catalogue.
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

NEW IDEAS FOR WOMAN'S WEAR

An ideal monthly magazine of Fashion, Millinery Suggestions on Home Topics, fully illustrated. Helpful Hints for Dress-making each month. Subscription 50 cents per year. Send 5 cents for sample copy to THE NEW IDEA PUBLISHING CO., BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

American and Australian butter is rapidly crowding the German article from the English market.

The production of prunes is increasing rapidly in Oregon, the annual shipment of the dried fruit now amounting to 500 cars.

The production of soap in Great Britain is about 42,000 tons per week, of which between 3,000 and 4,000 tons are made in London.

America sells nearly three times as much as she buys; Germany buys over \$50,000,000 worth more every year than she sells; while Great Britain last year actually bought twice as much as she sold.

Were it not for matter floating in suspension in sea water—minute living organisms and air bubbles due to the breaking of the waves, all of which reflect light—the ocean, looked down into, would be as black as the blackest dyestuff, for in that case none of the sun's rays, having once penetrated it, would return to its surface.

Alcohol and vinegar are effective antidotes for carbolic acid poisoning, a New York doctor announces. Whatever quantity of the poison has been swallowed, four times as much whiskey or five times as much vinegar should be administered immediately. No oil of any kind should be given. "Thus treated early enough," he adds, "all cases will recover."

That consumption does not run in families, but does run in houses, is the theory of Sir Richard Thorne, who addressed the London Medical society recently. "Refuse to live on a damp subsoil," was his advice; until people ceased to live under unfavorable conditions, they need hope for little diminution in the consumption death-rate. The improvement of sanitary appliances had, in the last 45 years, reduced that rate nearly 50 per cent.

Brain's Lonely Voyage at Sea.
The Norwegian steamer Ceylon has lately arrived in port, after a voyage of 23 days from Bilbao, Spain, with a cargo of iron ore. Capt. Hansen told the pilots that he had encountered numerous icebergs. On one occasion he altered his course to avoid one of the great mountains of ice. Soon afterward a fog settled down, and when it lifted the berg was so close on the bow that a collision seemed inevitable. Squatting upon his haunches, at the very point of the berg where the vessel would have struck, was a huge polar bear. The man at the wheel, by quick work managed to turn the steamer in time to avoid a smash-up, and as he guided by the bear on the berg gave a howl of disappointment. Evidently he had been imprisoned as long as he wanted to be, for when he saw his last chance of escape slipping away from him he plunged into the water and swam toward the ship. His legs were no match for steam, however, and he was compelled to give up the chase. The last seen of him he had climbed upon the berg again and was waiting for something to happen.—Philadelphia Times.

New York Methods.
A schoolmistress in one of the New York public schools has had her salary locked nine cents for having been ten minutes late to school the other day and the Boston Herald asks: How's this for a niceness?